

SING SING FOR LIFE THE FIRE KING'S FATE.

Hirschkopf Declares He Is Innocent and That His Liberty Was Sworn Away.

Asks Time for His Wife to Secure a Divorce Before His Sentence Begins.

She Rails at Mr. Davis and Says Her Husband Was the Victim of Conspirators.

DRAMATIC SCENE AFTER THE VERDICT.

Convicted Man the Leader of the Notorious Gang of Firebugs, and Plotted the Suffolk Street Blaze Which Caused the Death of Lizzie Jaeger.

Adolph Hirschkopf, King of Firebugs, was found guilty of murder in the second degree yesterday morning. He was sentenced to life imprisonment immediately afterward by Judge Furman in the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court.

The scene that preceded and followed the rendering of the verdict was one of most unusual and melodramatic character. The jury had been out since 3:40 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. When Court re-opened at 10:30 o'clock yesterday morning they had not yet arrived at a verdict. The corridors were filled with East Side friends and sympathizers of Hirschkopf, and, fearing an outbreak, none but the lawyers and reporters were admitted to the court room.

From the Judge's original charge the jurors gathered that it was beyond their jurisdiction to convict in a lesser degree than the first. It was this that prevented their coming to a conclusion earlier. Judge Furman gave them further instructions, and sent them back to their room at 11 o'clock. Forty minutes later they returned and filed into the box.

Hirschkopf was brought over from the Tombs. He had recovered his nerve, and walked to his seat with a firm, elastic step. There was a flush of excitement on his face, and his eye flashed almost defiantly as he looked first at the Judge and then at the men from whom he was soon to learn his fate.

"Gentlemen of the jury, look upon the prisoner! Prisoner at the bar look upon the jury! How say you—guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty of murder in the second degree!" Everybody looked at Hirschkopf. They expected him to collapse. Instead, however, he appeared stronger than any time since the beginning of his trial. When the Judge asked whether he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, the King surprised even his own lawyers.

He arose, looked about the court room, and, in a clear voice, said:

"I have much to say, but were I to speak it would not alter the judgment against me. I am an innocent man; time will prove me such. If Mr. Davis (here he faced the Assistant-District-Attorney) will lift this matter to the bottom, he will again have me back here, and send me from the court room a free man. If I am guilty of any crime, my guilt is in the fact that I furnished to the District-Attorney the information that led to the breaking up of an organized gang of firebugs. These same men have done their best to swear away my life, but justice will yet be done me."

"Meanwhile I have a favor to ask."

"The silence of the court," said the District-Attorney, "is broken by the voice of the convicted man."

"It is that I am not sent to Sing Sing for at least a week. I want the time in order to give my wife an opportunity under the Mosie law to secure a divorce from me. I don't want disgrace to fall on her on my account. That is all."

As he sat down a buzz of admiration ran through the court room. The King of Firebugs had made some friends. Judge Furman said he would ask the Sheriff to grant Hirschkopf's request. The Assistant-District-Attorney Davis said that he also would intercede.

The prisoner was then led back to the Tombs, the doors were thrown open and a great mob rushed forward.

"What's the verdict?" came from a hundred tongues at once.

"Murder in the second degree!" There was one wild, despairing cry. It came from a woman, and that woman was Mrs. Hirschkopf.

"My God! They have taken from me my husband, and they know he is innocent!" She fell almost faintly against the wall. Her sister and friends surrounded and tried to comfort her, but tears were her only consolation.

The District-Attorney and Court, and screamed that the whole trial had been the result of conspiracy to swear away Hirschkopf's life. Finally she was led down to the street and over to the Tombs, where she found her husband awaiting her coming.

The jury never had any doubts regarding Hirschkopf's guilt, and the only thing that saved him from the electric chair was that they would not send any man to his death on the testimony of such self-confessed second-hand accomplices as the King of Firebugs.

On the fifth ballot there were eight for conviction and four for acquittal. This was the order of the vote yesterday morning, when the jury stood nine and three.

As soon as they learned their power to render in the second degree, the twelve decided that life imprisonment was sufficient punishment, and hence the verdict. The jury rendered a vote of thirteen to the court officers for courteous treatment throughout the trial.

Assistant District-Attorney Davis had looked for a verdict of murder in the first degree, but said he was satisfied with the result.

Messrs. Lorew, Beck, Elder and Leavitt, attorneys for Hirschkopf, were greatly disappointed. They expected a disagreement at worst. A motion for a new trial will be made.

The result of the Hirschkopf trial will have considerable bearing on the case of Meyer Ditzschek, jointly indicted with the convicted man for murder by arson of Lizzie Jaeger on the morning of May 31, 1894.

CHOKED BY A FRISKY PRINCE.

Two Girls Killed by a Young Man's Strange Carelessness.

St. Paul, Minn., July 15.—Through a remarkable piece of carelessness on the part of a young man named Beltart, two girls were killed and a third seriously injured on Marshall yesterday.

SPENDING A FORTUNE.

John N. Wilkinson Fast Getting Rid of His Inheritance, Assisted by Broken Down Tenderloin Sports.

John N. Wilkinson, the Tenderloin sport and "good thing," after a twelve hours' drunk, was assigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday morning and fined \$10, which he paid out of the \$13.80 found in his pockets when he was arrested on Tuesday afternoon by Patrolman Tighe, at Thirtieth street and Sixth avenue.

Wilkinson was twenty-one years old last November. Dissipation makes him look much older. He says that his father was a cotton merchant, who died a couple of years ago leaving him and a brother fortune. He says his brother quickly ran through the money left to him and did not long survive his father. Wilkinson tells different stories about the amount he himself has squandered since he came into possession of his share of his father's wealth. To the Magistrate in Jefferson Market Court he said he had spent all the \$13.80 of an inheritance of \$100,000. In the West Thirtieth Street Station House he said he had spent at least \$20,000.

A Tenderloin who knows him well says that Wilkinson gets a certain amount from his father's estate every three or four months. Then he goes up and down Broadway and Sixth avenue inviting every one to drink at his expense.

He will get into some back driver or "Wandering Willie," treat him to dinner, let him out with a new suit of clothes and give him \$25 or \$30 to play in the town. A falling of his is his reluctance to pay back hires. It is not long since a cabman whom he had fed at a first class restaurant had him arrested for not paying him for the time they had spent in eating. He

was arrested on the charge of being a vagrant, and was taken to the Tombs.

There is a horde of broken down sports in the Tenderloin who know the King of Firebugs. They watch him along Broadway and they watch him at the courts. They never let go of him until his last cent is gone.

When he was arrested on Tuesday, a bank book of the Fourteenth Street National Bank was found on him. The stubs showed that he had spent \$365 since June 21. Wilkinson formerly lived on Lexington street. He now resides at No. 357 West Thirtieth street. The police of the West Thirtieth Street Station say that he has been arrested a number of times, and that they expect he will continue to trouble them until all his money is gone.

Miss Rebecca Goldbaum, who is twenty years old, very pretty and lives at No. 132 Second avenue, lent Bernard Matthews Jackson \$600 to help him through college. He is a law student, and lives at No. 4 First avenue. His name prior to November 3, 1894, was Bernhard Mathias. He

was charged with perjury. The Magistrate did so, fixing bail at \$2,000. The young man appeared in court yesterday, and he has been repudiated by Jackson, who formerly loved her, but has recently cut her off his affections elsewhere.

Miss Goldbaum alleges that notes covering the amount of her loan to him were in his possession, and yesterday she asked the Magistrate to compel Jackson to produce them on a charge of perjury. The Magistrate did so, fixing bail at \$2,000. The young man appeared in court yesterday, and he has been repudiated by Jackson, who formerly loved her, but has recently cut her off his affections elsewhere.

Notary Herman L. Roth and amended and signed by Jackson, in which the King of Firebugs agreed to pay back the \$600, to marry Miss Goldbaum as soon as he was able to support a wife. His amendments were that "she behaves herself becomingly to me and to the rest of the world, and that she does everything to suit my convenience."

There is a penalty of \$50,000 mentioned for the non-performance of this agreement.

That Ghost of Butler's. West Farms Has a One Day Mystery That Causes No End of Excitement.

West Farms had a scare early yesterday morning—an eerie, uncanny scare—and while a plausible explanation has been given of the ghostly mystery, West Farms is yet a bit shaky in its boots. The scare came about in this way:

William Butler, better known as "Bill," is a spirited victor, and was not until late in the day that the awful mystery was dispelled. Then Mr. Butler announced that he had been shot at in his shop down on the street, and yesterday morning he was taken to the hospital.

The undertaker solved the problem by reading the service of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and yesterday morning the good people of West Farms, who freely professed that Butler would surely be killed sooner or later by some ghostly avenger.

Sure enough, early yesterday morning West Farms was alarmed to hear unusual noises in the street, and the people who ran to their windows saw a tall figure in a white robe running up the street at a furious pace. These people took one look, and then crept back into bed, covering their heads with the blankets, despite the heat of the night.

All yesterday forenoon the village resounded with the frightful story of Butler's spiritual vision, and was not until late in the day that the awful mystery was dispelled. Then Mr. Butler announced that he had been shot at in his shop down on the street, and yesterday morning he was taken to the hospital.

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FLOATING FAT MAN IS A FUGITIVE.

No Trace of the Charles Griswold Who Was Rescued from the Sound Sunday.

His Late Employers Believe He Tried to Commit Suicide.

HIS ACCOUNTS ALL MIPED UP.

Experts at Work on Them and Criminal Proceedings Are Strongly Hinted At.

New lights are being thrown upon the aquatic adventures of adolose Charles Griswold, who for over two hours defied the waves of Long Island Sound on Sunday last.

At first it was believed that the fat gentleman fell overboard accidentally while asleep upon the deck of the steamer Connecticut, bound from Providence to this city.

His late employers believe he tried to commit suicide.

His accounts all miped up.

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JOHNSON'S BRAVERESCUE.

Jumped into the East River, and, Despite Mrs. Fannie Friend's Struggles, Succeeded in Saving Her.

Mrs. Fannie Friend, a young Russian woman living with her husband and fifteen-month-old baby at No. 315 Livingston street, is detained in the prison ward at Bellevue, charged with having attempted to commit suicide.

Mrs. Friend and her husband arrived here a few months ago from Russia and took up their residence at the Livingston street house. Things went along smoothly until yesterday. Then Mrs. Friend complained of the heat, and carrying her baby and accompanied by her husband and a cousin, she went to the East River to get a breath of air. While standing on the dock at the foot of Livingston street she suddenly placed the child in her husband's arms and then either jumped or fell overboard.

Her husband's cries were heard by Joseph Johnson, who has a great record as a lifesaver, on the East Side. He jumped into the river, and, grabbing Mrs. Friend around the waist, started to swim ashore with her. She fought, kicked and used all her teeth, but Johnson held on and managed to finally get her ashore.

Then she was taken to Bellevue where she is now.

M'KINLEY VISITED BY CLEVELAND'S SOROSIS.

Mrs. Dr. Elroy M. Avery Predicts Prosperity if the Ex-Governor Is Elected.

An Original Song Rendered, in Which the Candidate Is Called "A Rock of Defence."

POLITICS IS ENTIRELY IGNORED

In His Response, Major McKinley Extols Womankind—His Wife Complimented and Given a Basket of Flowers.

Canton, O., July 15.—Headed by a band composed almost entirely of women, 600 members of the Cleveland Sorosis and their friends, marched from the railway station here to Major McKinley's house to pay their respects to the Republican candidate. At Major McKinley's residence Mrs. Dr. Elroy M. Avery, on behalf of the women of Cleveland, congratulated the Major and

but as women; as wives and mothers and sisters. We cannot cast one vote for you, and yet we love our country, the mighty mother of a mighty brood, and we desire and through you we seek her prosperity and glory. We believe in the highest destiny for this American nation to which we belong. We may not fully appreciate man-made political platforms, but we better understand the significance of current events than some folks give us credit for. We know that when you enter the door of the White House, peace and comfort will enter at our doors; that when you receive your heritage by the decree of a grateful people our husbands and fathers will receive the fruits of their industry."

Sung to the Major.

This was followed by a song composed by Mrs. N. Coe Stewart, and rendered by Mrs. Mary Ellsworth Clark. It followed: Ring out, bells of freedom, ring long and ring loud.

The sunshine is piercing the dark, threatening cloud.

"The brightening stars on Old Glory unfurled, Which speaks like a God to a wondering world. The brave tolling millions who bend to the yoke, Whose sweat-drops are prayers, though a word he not spoke, Are swelling the chorus which sweeps to the sea—

"McKinley, McKinley," our capitals shall be, Chorus—

God keep him, the true and the brave, Our beautiful country to save. Bends low a great nation to crave. This boon at thy hand.

"McKinley, McKinley!" the children all shout; The sunbeams are shining on Old Glory unfurled, Which speaks like a God to a wondering world. The brave tolling millions who bend to the yoke, Whose sweat-drops are prayers, though a word he not spoke, Are swelling the chorus which sweeps to the sea—

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SADDER BUT WISER ARE THESE INVESTOR

They Gamble in Wall Street on a Physician's Plan, but Fail to Win.

Showing How an Infallible System in Print May Fail in Practice.

Members of the Syndicate Will Now Be Glad to Get the Crumbs from Their Stock.

DR. FORREST FIGURES IT ALL OUT.

His Bankers Come to Grief, However, as His Converts Begin Slowly to Recover What Is Left of Their Money.

Suit for the recovery of money which, it is alleged, has been converted to use other than the one for which it was intended has been commenced against Franklin Berry, comprising the firm of Franklin Berry & Co., bankers and brokers, at No. 47 Broadway.

The suit is the outcome of a system "syndicate investment," which is being tentatively employed in Wall Street by men who claim to have reduced gambling stocks to a point where the investor is certain to make five per cent a day on his investment.

One of these men who has discovered a sure way to "beat" the Street is Dr. W. Forrest, of No. 101 Waverley place. Forrest was at one time in charge of Chambers Street Hospital, and afterward conducted a sanitarium.

The Doctor commenced to watch the market, and discovered that all that was necessary to make a fortune on the Stock Exchange was a sufficient amount of capital to margin stocks, to sell them when they advanced a point and to buy when they dropped. In short, the Doctor proposed a "whipsaw" the fluctuations.

A GUIDE TO WEALTH.

The Doctor wrote a pamphlet on the subject, showing that \$24,000 a year was within the pockets of the brokers as brokerage charges, and that one outside man one thousand succeeded in making money.

The Doctor's interest in the scheme not entirely unselfish, and his pamphlet was distributed freely. He did not care to get any of the money, and asked only to be placed in the hands of some respectable broker